

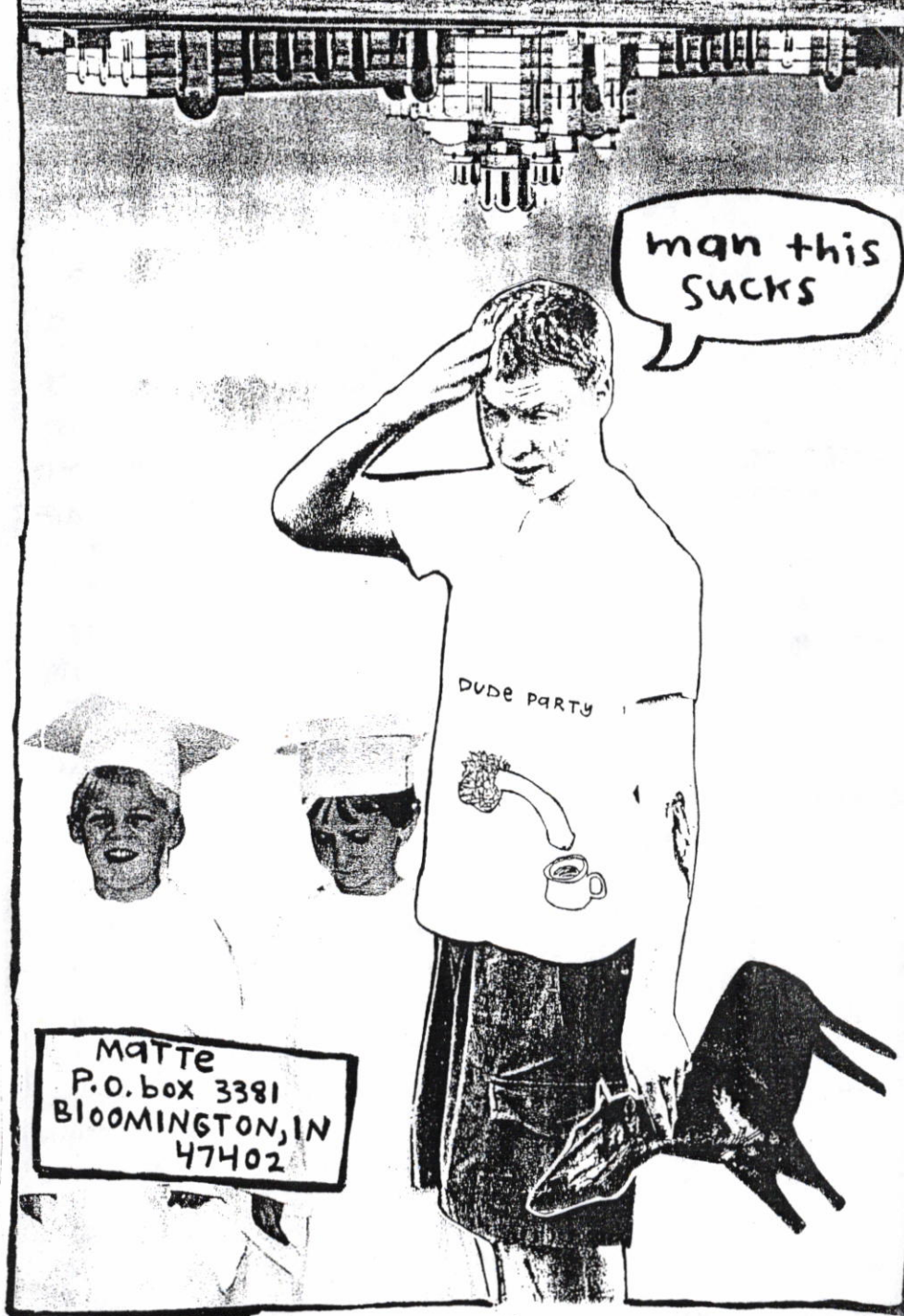
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RICE HARVESTER

Page 20

man this sucks #1





**DONT worRy aBOUT IT DUdE  
he'S JUST SOME FUCkIn kid**


Well I guess I have always wanted to do a zine for some reason. I always get inspired by my friends but have been too self conscious to write about my stupid life. until one day I was in the middle of a pretty fun trip down south. I had taken tons of pictures. & was feeling like maybe I was doing something worth writing about. so I decided to dig myself into a hole of shit by asking GREG to do a split zine. GREG is a tiny bit more organized than me when it comes to writing... any way we decided to do it & I got home & started writing like hell. it was going great but Greg & I forgot to talk about page #5. HMMM. My side was about 3 times longer than his... so Greg came up to Bloomington ready to start printing & I decided to start all over that was on the 1st of FEB 2002. on the 8th of FEB I lied to Greg. I told him I was on page 9 just so he wouldn't be nervous I knew he wanted to leave town soon & I hadn't even started yet. THE NEXT DAY I WENT THROUGH THE ONLY TWO JOURNALS OF MINE THAT I COULD FIND AND ACCIDENTALLY WROTE THREE PRETTY LONG STORIES. fuck man, I WAS PRETTY MUCH OUT OF ROOM. & I STILL HAD ALL THESE STORIES I WANTED TO WRITE. I FIGURED SENSE THIS IS MY FIRST ZINE EVER IM SUPPOSE TO WRITE ROMANTIC PUNK ROCK TALES OF SMASHIN THE STATE. IM SUPPOSED TO LET YOU ALL KNOW WHAT I BELIEVE SO I CAN RACK UP THE POINTS BUT WE'LL GET TO ALL THAT SOME OTHER TIME FIRST OF ALL IM JUST GONNA LET YOU KNOW WHO I AM. WHEN IM AT HOME (BLOOMINGTON, IN) I AM USUALLY JUST A BORING KID WHO HANGS OUT LISTENING

There was this big  
guy passed out on your  
porch with no socks on.

ME IN AN ABANDONED  
BUILDING IN CHATTANOOGA  
PICTURE BY MATTE

ONE TIME this dude said, "I wish I could live like you and travel all the time and not worry about anything. I thought about this and got pissed off when I was paying rent, worrying about everything, not moving around at all, and working 5 or 6 days a week. Plus, I'm not special. Anyone can go out and do the stupid shit that I do. Really, try it. Anyway, I was a wreck. Everyday, as I made another fucking Reuben for another fucking cop or lawyer, I would think, "why am I not playing in my band or travelling to some far off land or living my fucking dreams that plague my mind everyday? No, I'm making sandwiches for assholes and sleeping in my bed every night. It's nice to have a little money and have a stable place to sleep, but some times, it's better not to know where your next meal is coming from or where the hell your body will lay down. So that's where I am now not "this is how it is for ever. Fuck jobs and houses." No, this is now. Maybe on the brink of total destruction and not really caring. I'm not between jobs or houses, I'm living my fucking life.

ME IN AN ABANDONED BUILDING IN CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE  
PICTURE BY WATTE



*[Handwritten notes at bottom of page]*



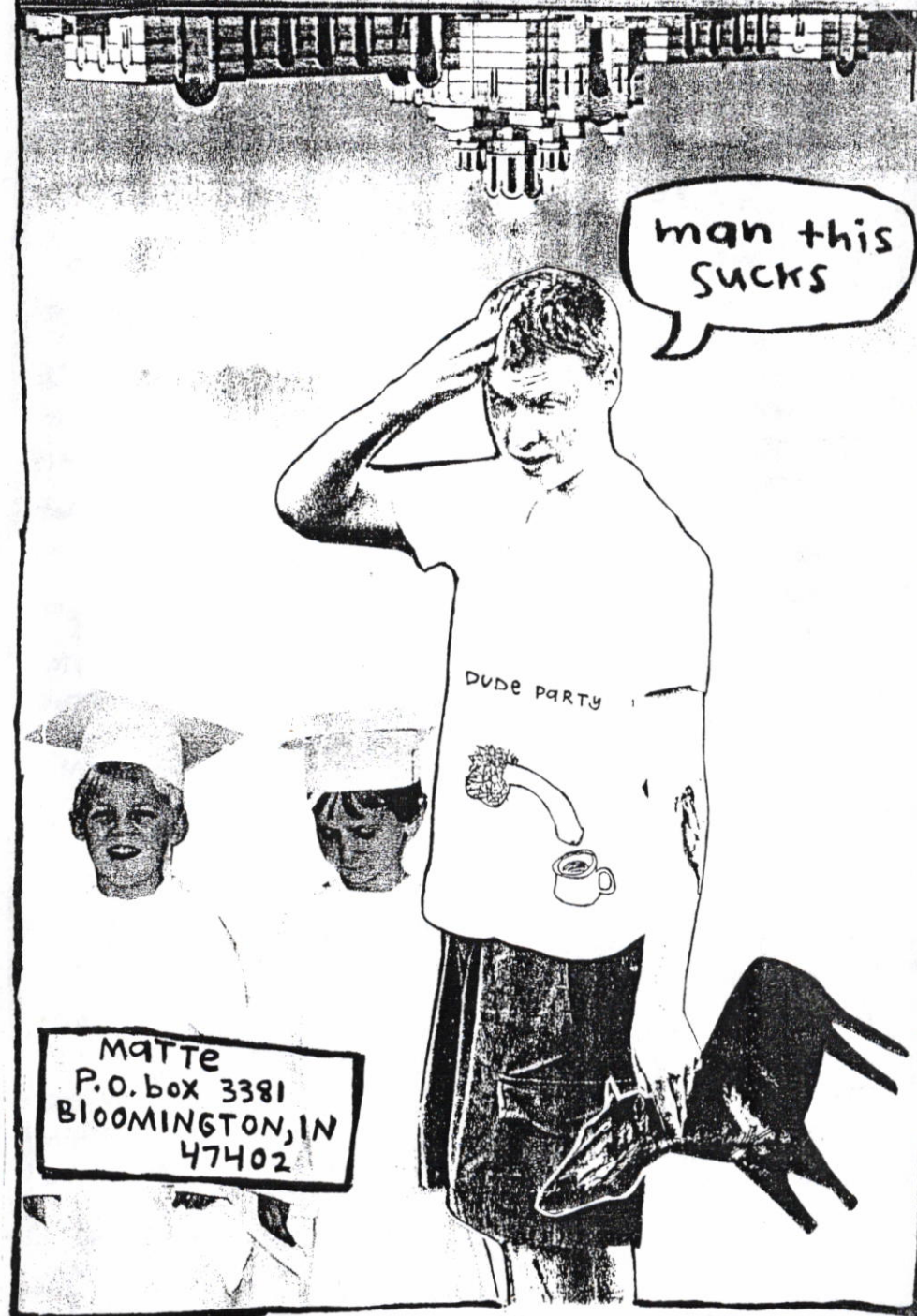
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RICE HARVESTER

Page 20

man this sucks #1





# WELL MAN, AT LEAST YOU CAN SAY YOU DONE IT



MY MOM TOOK THIS PICTURE JUST  
BEFORE WE LEFT FOR OUR BIKE RIDE

"WELL MAN, AT LEAST YOU CAN SAY YOU DONE IT" IS THE NAME OF THE VERY FIRST ZINE I EVER DECIDED TO WRITE. THE ZINE IS ABOUT A BIKE TRIP THAT I WENT ON WITH MY BEST FRIEND MONIQUE DURING THE SUMMER OF 2001. THE TRIP LASTED 37 DAYS WE ROODE BIKES 1,500 MILES, HITCH HIKED 600 MILES AND JUMPED ON A TRAIN FOR THE LAST 300 MILES. WE MADE IT AS FAR AS NAMPA, ID FROM BLOOMINGTON, IN. I KEPT A REALLY GOOD JOURNAL, WROTE EVERY SINGLE NIGHT ON THE TRIP AND TOOK TONS OF PICTURES. BETWEEN THE TWO OF US WE TOOK 22 ROLLS OF FILM.

Sometimes you wonder about things like why you ever spent so much time and energy on one person. Why would you walk 40 miles to see her or drive her across the state to pick up her stolen car with a cracked head? Why would you build her a table that she may never use or carry her away from the punk show after she passed out dead drunk in her own puke? Then you stop asking yourself a bunch of questions and realize you were really in fucking love, possibly for the first time in your life. Maybe for the last time as well.

All of this was going through my head in New Orleans as I stepped out of Frady's one stop and into the street without looking. I glanced up and saw the bus coming straight towards me, the one that said "DESIRE" in big bold letters across the top. No, this wasn't some metaphor or a crazy figment of my overly emotional imagination. Desire Street was only a few blocks away and the bus was about to run me down on its way there. I jumped out of the street and the bus tumbled by without even showing a sign of braking... or caring. I sorta half-laughed to myself and decided maybe it was about time to get that girl off of my mind and start getting some shit done. ♡





# HISTORY LESSON PT. 3

I like learning the history of different towns that I go to and trying to dig up the past that people may not remember, or even care about for that matter sometimes after you find the evidence you're looking for in books, the physical evidence has been covered over with strip malls and Wal-Mart's. Other times, the strip malls seem to tell their own stories. What about that "Dippin' Dots" place in Pensacola - "The Ice Cream of the Future"? Does anybody else think it's funny that the place is dark and empty with dust on the windows? That new subdivision is where I used to play stickball and ride my bike. The Piggly Wiggly is where I used to play soccer. That warehouse where I broke 4 bones in my foot... well, it's still that fucking warehouse. Just down the street from the public library in Pulaski, TN, you can hang out where the first K.K.K. meeting took place and feel really weird about yourself. It's hard to imagine how it would've been over 100 years ago. I mean, now they could stop at the gas station on the way to the meeting and get 99 cent quarts of Mickey's... and they probably do. I'm wondering that if in 50 years, anyone is going to care about those new dorms on M.L.K. in Chattanooga? And will they even remember that before those dorms were there was an apartment building for low income residents in its place. And before that, even, it was the only medical building in town that admitted black doctors or patients. I guess maybe sometimes I almost forget

So yea I decided to write a zine about it BUT still have yet to start it. I guess the hard part is done, actually going on the trip. But by the time I was home I was completely insane and the bike trip was the last thing I wanted to think about. When I imagined writing a bike zine I would think of how much I could inspire people to jump on their bikes & get wyl'd but if I would have started writing the zine right when I got home I think the writings would just make people want to die. Any way I just thought sense it will be years before I get around to writing that purrie maybe I would share two journal entries with you. The first one is from about 2 days before the trip, it is kind of silly and I go off on stupid rants about how cool I am, and the second entry is from the day after I got home. It took me less than 24 hours to remember that LIFE IS SHIT



Monique took this picture of me on our last day of riding Boise, Idaho

THIS bike trip will be MAN THIS SUCKS #3 it will be MORE of a story - day by day NOT journal entries



# COAL, BOLTS, UNIONS, AND DEATH!!

My dad used to take me on deliveries with him for his job working at a nut & bolt warehouse. He usually delivered to old, dirty factories on the outskirts of downtown, exchanging bags of bolts for cash with guys covered head to toe in grease. At 7 years old, this was pretty frightening, sometimes. Another place that he took me was Drummond Coal; a huge coal mine that seemed to stretch for miles all around. Everything that you touched left black marks on your hands, even the paper in the main office. The whole place seemed really weird and somewhat evil. I wouldn't find out exactly how evil it was until years later.

In the early 90's, Drummond started moving their operations to Colombia for cheaper labor and new lands to strip mine. More and more mines in the U.S. were closed and 40 year employees were forced into unemployment with little or no explanation. The company worked with the Colombian government to get ~~the~~ rid of drug dealers so they could try and gain a good reputation in the eyes of Colombians. It didn't really work. Workers formed unions to gain more rights and guerrillas blew up their main railroad lines, to protest the stripmining and the low wages. Slowly, but surely, more and more union members were kidnapped and murdered, and absolutely nothing has been done about it. Here's a few facts if you have no idea about this (like I did).

- Three out of every five unionists killed in the world today are Colombian.
- In the first two and a half months of 2001, 27 trade unionists in Colombia were either assassinated or disappeared.
- In 1996, 20 union workers at Coca-Cola were murdered or disappeared.

7

you so im nervous im also Really fucking  
 excited. it all started to become a reality  
 up a contraption to fit my racks onto my bike  
 i got to actually see what my bike would  
 look like with all the gear on it. 2 bags  
 on back 2 on front?? one on the handle  
 bars my tool kit strapped on soon i would  
 put on my stolen cpu. Monique and i pitched  
 in 50 \$ each to buy a really fancy tent  
 then we pulled off a fancy scam to get  
 the cash back. i just gave it to her  
 because she lent me money to buy my new/  
 used bike. i put up the tent that day  
 "fathers day" to see how long it took and  
 feel how big it was.... Very quick, very big  
 we had family over for the day of dads  
 my mom & i made some veggie lasagna and  
 the rest of the family just stalked around  
 "squad" at moe & i.  
 "you guys will never make it!"  
 "are you crazy??" "better bring a gun."  
 Monique got tons of shit over on her side  
 of Greenwood from her family too  
 "what if you guys get killed or raped??"  
 God fucking damn it.  
 i would rather be out getting killed than  
 setting in my comfortable home being afraid of  
 getting killed.  
 People and fear just kill me. like when  
 kids are afraid to hand out in a cemetery  
 it is the same as feeling like you need



TO LOVE SOME ONE MORE ON VALINTINES DAY

HALLMARK HORSESHIT!! HOLLYWOOD AND

HAVE STOLEN all of our souls

HERE it is and I will TELL you....

MONIQUE is a young female, I am a young male. Neather of us have ROOE our BIKES MORE THAN 50 miles in a day BUT we ARE going TO RIDE our BIKES across this

STUPID fucking country and NOTHING will STOP us. WE will find food and places

TO CAMP EVERY NIGHT and once WE get there WE will BE INVINCIBLE.... O.K. I will

CUT The JOCK SHIT BUT HONESTLY after

THIS TRIP I will feel AMAZING I will know THAT I CAN DO ANYTHING AND FEAR absolutely

NOTHING.. ON JOB applications

LIST SKILLS, ARE you a League citizen,

SCHOOLS, Blah, Blah, Blah,

I will REPLY

FUCK YOU

I RODE MY BIKE TO  
CALIFORNIA

GIVE ME MONEY AND  
TONS OF FREE FOOD

● Thirty union teachers a year are murdered.  
● Wages are as low as 56 cents an hour in factories producing for export to the U.S. So, there's all kinds of labor violations and murder going on, but I'll get back to the assholes at Drummond, who are killing off people who already have one of the most dangerous jobs around...

On March 12, 2001, Valmore Locarno, the President of a mineworker's union, and Victor Oracita, the union's vice president, were finishing up negotiations with Drummond over a long-standing labor dispute. Mr. Locarno asked Drummond management if they could stay overnight at the worksite because the two of them had been receiving death threats. Drummond denied them, just like the Colombian government had denied previous requests for protection. The two were then taken away on a Drummond-owned bus back to their homes. They never made it that far though. The bus was stopped by armed paramilitaries and Locarno and Oracita were forcibly removed. They murdered Mr. Locarno on the spot and took Mr. Oracita away. No one really knows exactly what happened, but he was found, in pieces, the next day.

It should be obvious that the Colombian government is murdering whoever makes trouble for them and that Drummond Coal is doing nothing to stop it. I guess when you have too many safety restrictions in your own country, it's good business practice to move to another one and start killing it's workers. Drummond is definitely not the only one (or the worst). As for my dad, I need to call him and see if he still deals with these asfucks...



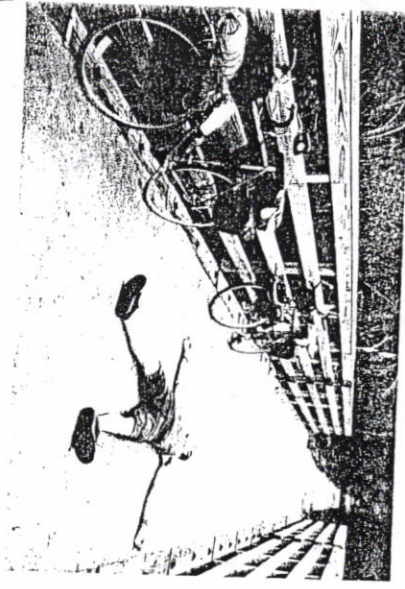
## TALIBANTHRAX VS. SOBRIETY

I've been completely obsessed lately with old photos of punk bands from the past. Code of Honor, The Dils, Black Flag, etc, etc. It just seems like all of those bands were just made to take amazing pictures. Like, even if they're just hanging out by the punk show or stuck in the snow in the middle of a 2 month tour, they look like the fuckin' craziest badasses of all time. I'm always confused about why it's so rare that my friends' bands (or my own) have that same quality. We usually look like some of the most awkward, unphotogenic people to ever walk the earth. Maybe those old bands felt the same way.

In pensacola, Cinqe, Naomi, and I hung out every day. We spent our time drinking on rooftops, drinking wine in the street, hopping trains, hitchhiking, drinking beer out of the trash, and sleeping on the beach. One day, somebody said, "Hey, you guys look like a band!"

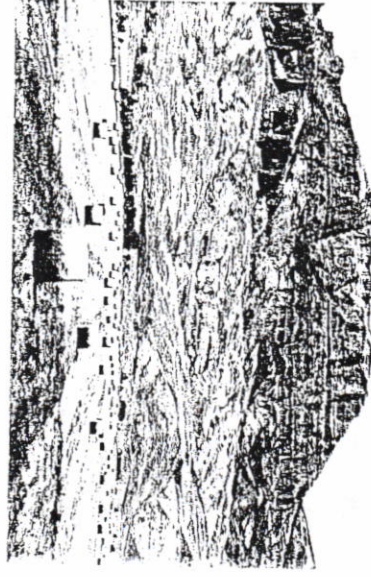
We responded with "Fuck yeah, we're a band!" All we needed now was a name, some instruments, a song or two, and a tough photograph to freeze our place in history. While hitchhiking from Navarre back to Pensacola, we came up with the name, TALIBANTHRAX. With the new name, in tow, we practiced at Rymo's house while he made banana smoothies. Cinqe

## Here are some Photos from the Trip

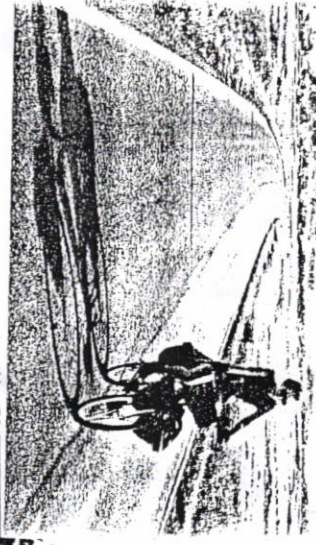


I took a nap.  
Monique said it was only 40 minutes  
But when I woke  
I thought it was  
at least 2 or 3 days

this is loatho



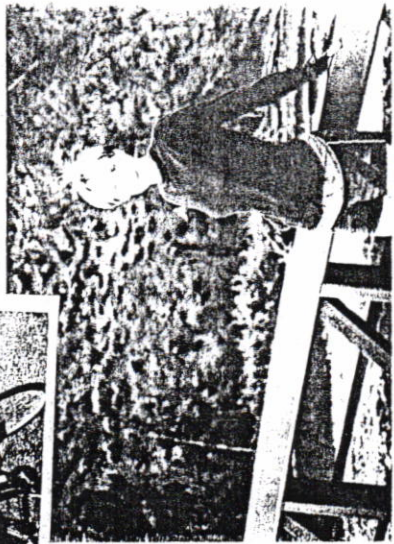
MONIQUE IN THE  
BADLANDS  
SOUTH DAKOTA



Thats me at a  
Natural Bridge in  
Yellow Stone







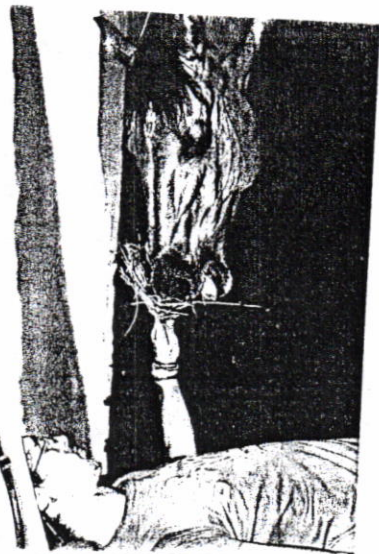
BNIWOFM 6d0G  
NI 2nb1N0W



2npgs m0llh6  
1 & 2nb1N0W

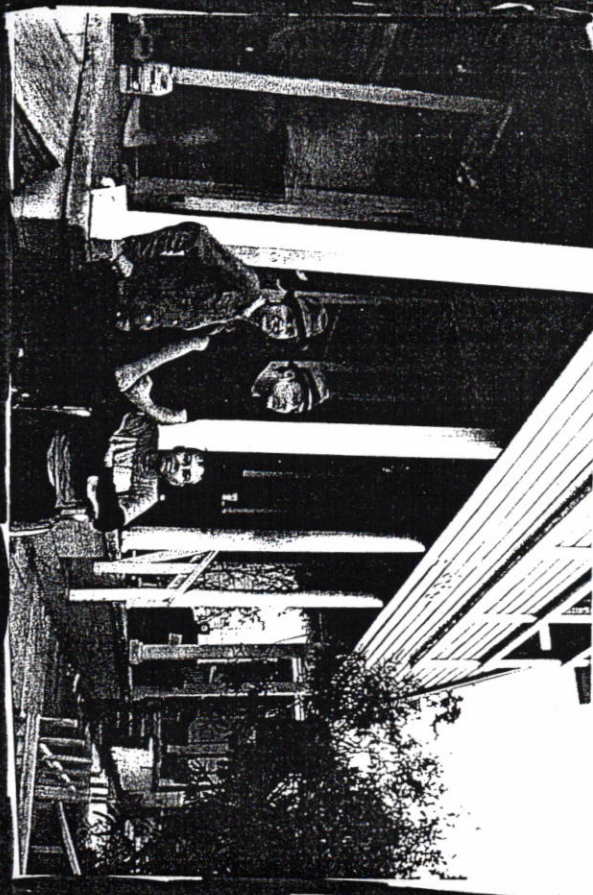


BNIWOFM  
NI 2nb1N0W



Our Neighbor  
while camping in  
interior, south Dakota

played guitar, Naomi played the saw, and I had a homemade washtub bass. Now, all we needed was the bad-ass picture to commemorate it all. Abe snapped it in front of the punk house before we all split up to go our separate ways. We were ready to take our place in history next to all the other tough fuck-ups, like Will Shatter or Greg Gian, or D. Boon, or...



we'll keep on trying, I guess...

BIKE  
NATION...



David...

I was gonna interview my friends, Dave and Evan. They build boats and ride down rivers and fuck shit up. Modern day pirates, if you will. They also want to start the first punk boat yard. I could never get 'em both together long enough to interview 'em. M who next time



Hey dude

I went to a wild fuckin' party last night! It was so insane!! I really had no idea who anyone was. It was all really old school punk kids and they were wild as hell. It kind of reminded me of being in chattanooga. Well, I was there until 5 a.m. and there were all these crazy rock bands playing. I was totally rockin' out the whole time and then all of a sudden I had to shit really bad and I ran upstairs. There was a line, so I tore down the "DO NOT ENTER" sign to the UP upstairs and opened about 5 doors until I found the bathroom finally and there were, like 10 people making out in there. I didn't want to bust up their make out party, so I ran back down the stairs and had to jump off a really high porch because the house was too crowded to get out. I ran as fast as I could with the SHIT squirting out, leaned up against a car in a really well lit parking lot, in front of about 4 or 5 fashion punks who were at the party dancin' right beside me, and just blasted out a huge pile of shit soup followed with a fine mist of diarrhea. It was the funniest thing that has happened to me in a long fucking time. So, all the fashion punks were like, "eww". I was leaning against the passenger door of this car and all of a sudden, like 2 seconds before I was finished and ready to take off running, some dude jumps out of the driver's seat and yells "WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING TO MY CAR?!" I look up to see that there were 2 kids inside the car that I just SHIT all over. I said, all sweaty, "I'm sorry man" I just shit my pants all shaky and sweaty. Then, I took off running to a dumpster that had a fence ~~xxx~~ around it and finished up. I left my undies. It was sloppy as hell! Oh yeah, I had a costume on too. I was dressed up as a doctor in a really small costume for children.

Hey dude

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Hey dude

Hey dude

Hey dude





# DEVIL'S ELECTRIC TOUR



PR. PAPERK SPRAYED  
ALL OVER EVERYONE  
ON NEW YEARS  
AT THE PIRATE  
HOUSE.  
OH NO!

WINTER  
THIS TIME  
you were  
blessed my  
SON. Let  
you  
sleep on a  
FLOOR. A ROW  
you ever  
AFRAID OF  
WALKING  
I walk, my dog MAJOR  
see a DAY every DAY.  
What's your BAND NAME MEAN?



WE GOT MUGGED  
IN GAINESVILLE AFTER  
RIDING TO GET FR  
AIR FOR MY BIKE DAVE HAD  
LOANED ME BY SOME  
STUPID DOCKS IN A CAR. IT  
SUCKED WE WISHED WE WERE  
PLAYING 10-LETTER SCRABBLE.  
INSTEAD I DIDN'T HAVE ANY MONEY!  
DAVE HAD \$12



NEW ORLEANS  
their bass player  
is a chick! She's  
got big titties  
whoah!  
I'm gonna  
check that out!





COME CRAWLING  
OBEY YOUR MASTER  
JUST CALL MY NAME AND  
I'll HERE YOU SCREAM

IN HOUSTON  
A TUMOUR  
HEADED REDNECK  
BOIL RIDDEN  
ASSHOLE  
GOT PISSED  
WE DID A WAREHOUSE SHOW INSTEAD WE PACKED  
IT UP!



SUCK MY DICK  
this is MY INTERNET  
CAFE!  
FINE! LET'S  
LOVE IT UP!



GUESS WHAT  
I MADE GRANT A SCARF BUT IT  
SMELLED LIKE URINE!  
GUESS WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO? MAKE SOUP



WHEN I GOT HOME I SHIT  
IN MY PANTS WHEN I WOKUP.  
OH NO!



BY SAM 20

## ANTHRAX VS. BLOOMINGTON?

When I'm walking around town here, I always notice these little piles of white powder everywhere I go. It's not just like a little pile every few blocks. It's like 5 piles per block sometimes. At first, I didn't think too much about it, until someone told me that they saw an older guy walking around, late at night, with a bag and dropping little piles of white powder everywhere. Since then, I've been mildly obsessed.

I ride around sometimes at night and look for him, just maybe to ask him what he's up to. I never have any idea where to start looking though because I've seen it everywhere: downtown, the trainyard, the forest, by the opportunity house, outside of the Hub, and even around the mall. Sometimes, I expect to see a pile of it when I step inside the house I'm staying at. I still haven't found him, but I'm not giving up yet.

## FOUND'S HUNCHIN' Down The Track

From You  
CAWY WIN  
by: Jack  
Black

I knew I was wrong, and yet I persisted. I was possible of any explanation it is this: From the day I left my father my lines had been cast, or I cast them myself, among crooked people. I had not spent one hour in the company of an honest person. I had lived in an atmosphere of theft, theft, crime. I thought in terms of the. Houses were built to be burglarized, citizens were to be robbed, police to be avoided and hated, stool pigeons to be chastised, and thieves to be cultivated and protected. That was my code; the code of my companions. If you live with it, learn to howl."

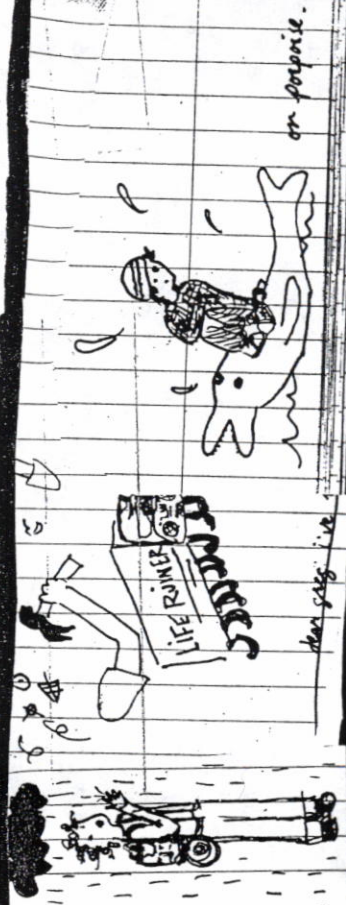


Dec. 26th, 2001 - Drunk as hell - Fucking broken teeth and duct tape and stolen alcohol and sleeping contaminated fields, and broken dreams and dreams and hot breath warming your ears and fuck it. I want to be back on that beach, waking up and seeing 15 of my friends sprawled out and around me (but without Zak going to the hospital this time). I don't want this bullshit feeling in my heart that knows that everything could fall apart at any second.

Jan 2nd - New Year's was a big party and making out with way too many people. I blacked out, but woke up in my sleeping bag, alone, with my shoes off, in Cindy's van. It was pretty nice. We rode to Crescent Beach, where Evan and Dan swam naked in the ocean. I napped in the van thinking about [redacted]. We left Florida today and now we're stuck at a truck stop in the middle of Georgia in the snow. I think we'll be here all night. 5 people, 3 dogs, a bunch of food, and 2 12 packs. I think this will be a good year.

## PART 6? RUINED?

So, there we were... stuck. She threw her umbrella at a passing car that honked at us. I woke up in the morning under a bridge, in the rain, in Atlanta, shivering, next to my ex-girlfriend. It sounds like a horrible ending to a bad story. Well, it is. You don't need to know the rest...



SO ANY WAY ABOUT AN HOUR AGO WHILE MOE, CHRIS & JIM WERE AT ~~THE~~ THE WASHINGTON HOUSE DURING ONE TRIP I DID THE ONE THING THAT TO ME MEANT IT WAS ALL OVER I KISSED THE DAMN HOUSE GOOD BYE...

THERE WAS THIS GIANT TREE BRANCH THAT WAS TWICE THE SIZE OF MERTHAT I DROVE HOME LATE ONE NIGHT AFTER A HUGE STORM JIM MONIQUE & I WERE UP BEING STUPID HANGING OUT ON THE PORCH EATING LEFT OVER COOKIES WE DECIDED TO WEDGE THE TREE BRANCH UP IN THIS HOLE ON THE CORNER OF OUR PORCH LEAVING IT DANGLING RIDICULOUSLY IN THE WAY OF OUR FRONT DOOR. I REMEMBER THERE WAS A PARTY GOING ON NEXT DOOR & WE WERE MAKING JOKE ABOUT HOW WE WERE WAY TOO COOL TO GO HANG OUT WITH THOSE JOKE. WE ENDED UP GOING BUT ONLY IN HOPES OF FREE FOOD. WE DEFINITELY WEREN'T GOING OVER THERE TO HANG OUT OR ANYTHING, NO WAY NOT US. WE HAD A STEALTH MISSION TO TRY TO STEEL AS MANY DRINKS AS WE COULD INCLUDING THERE CUPS AND JUST MAKE A HUGE LINE OF DRINKS ACROSS OUR TABLE ON THE PORCH WELL WE QUICKLY FORGOT ABOUT THAT DO TO A TRUTH OR DARE INCIDENT INVOLVING A KID STICKING A TAMPON UP HIS BUTT HOLE HUMMMM... after a while we ended UP WALKING AROUND IN THE RAIN AND WOUND UP BACK ON THE PORCH WE TRIED TO HANG X-MASS LIGHTS ON THE TREE BRANCH BUT THEY BROKE HALF WAY THROUGH.

THAT WAS THE LAST NIGHT OF PURE STUPIDITY AND HONEST FUN THAT I HAD AT THAT HOUSE IT WASN'T ANYTHING ALL THAT EXCITING JUST HAVING JIM THERE HANGING OUT & US THREE BEING IDIOTS. FORGOT ABOUT EVERYTHING IN THE MORNING. ....

TODAY I TOOK DOWN THE BRANCH I JUST TOSSED IT IN THE SIDE YARD. I DON'T EVEN THINK ANYONE NOTICED IT WAS GONE. EVERYTHING ELSE IN THE HOUSE WAS GONE TOO WITHIN THE NEXT 10 HOURS.



SO WE MOVED IT ALL OVER TO THE A-HOLE FROM THE ARCHIBALD HOUSE. YOU KNOW THERE HAVE BEEN TONS OF BUILDINGS AND SECRET SPOTS TAKEN AWAY FROM MY PAST, ITS ALL PRETTY TERRIBLE. PLACES THAT I REALLY CARE ABOUT I HAVE HAD TO WATCH GET TOWN DOWN AND REPLACED BY YUPPIE SCUM BUT YOU KNOW WHAT. IF IT WERE TO HAPPEN TO 414 S. LINCOLN. I WOULDN'T GIVE A HALF A SHIT

HERES TO THE ~~WORST~~ YEAR OF MY LIFE.  
LAMEST



the archibald kitchen  
matte.



the family



Jim  
BRENDON



party at the archibald house.  
1-19-10



the office



Alex  
Dinner Party  
alison

## WHAT RACE WAR???

Growing up, my neighbors always kept their garage door open so that you always had a good view of their station wagon that barely ran. There was a closet in the back of that garage that was always locked and it became a big mystery in my life. "What was in there that had to be locked up all the time?" I thought every time I walked in there. One day, I finally asked the kid, Boogie, who lived there. He was a couple of years older than me and he liked to bully me around. When I asked him what was behind the door, his eyes lit up as he ran inside and got the key. When he opened it, my eyes saw a pile of guns and an even bigger pile of ammunition. "What is all this for?" I asked. "For the upcoming race war" he said back. "Huh?" "You know, it's getting to that point. The blacks (he probably didn't say 'blacks') are gonna attack and as white people, we have to be ready to retaliate" he explained. Being a very young, impressionable kid, I ran home and asked my mom if we, too, should prepare for the upcoming race war. My mom asked where I heard this and instructed me to never talk to that kid again.

## SHIT SPLIT REVISITED

I like how she sang "WE THE PUNKS ARE OUT TONIGHT! WE'RE GONNA START A RIOT, WHAT A SIGHT!!" loud and proud on her bike, without a hint of sarcasm like she'd just heard that song for the first time, like a huge revelation. She hadn't listened to that album every day in high school like we did and it was refreshing to hear it again with such enthusiasm. I asked, "How come we aren't that tough? Why don't we go out and start a fucking riot?" Billy, broken and jaded at 20, replied, "Those guys probably never started any kind of riot so I'm sure it's okay." "Hmmm..." we rode on through the night, singing more anthems from our past like we'd just heard them yesterday.



## GIVE UP..

I've been studying spontaneous combustion a little bit lately.

One method of it is to totally and completely give up on life so hard that your soul leaves your body. In turn, your body has nothing left to keep it going so that you burn from the inside to get rid of the vessel. Sometimes, I get a little worried now when I exclaim "I GIVE UP!" like that's H. I'm just gonna go up in flames one day.

## Ex-postman admits act of fecal assault

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—A former postal employee admitted he splattered porcupine feces and worms on co-workers after he was fired for poor job performance.

James M. Beal pleaded guilty Tuesday in U.S. District Court to four counts of assaulting or impeding a federal worker. He faces three to 12 years in prison which he is sentenced in March.

Beal, 62, told Judge Gordon Quint that he was angry about being fired Oct. 17 as relief postmaster in Empire, a town about 225 miles northwest of Detroit. The next day, he returned with two 5-gallon buckets filled with feces and worms and splattered his former co-workers. He had gathered the sludge in the woods.

"I let my anger with this sort of overrule my judgments," Beal told the judge.

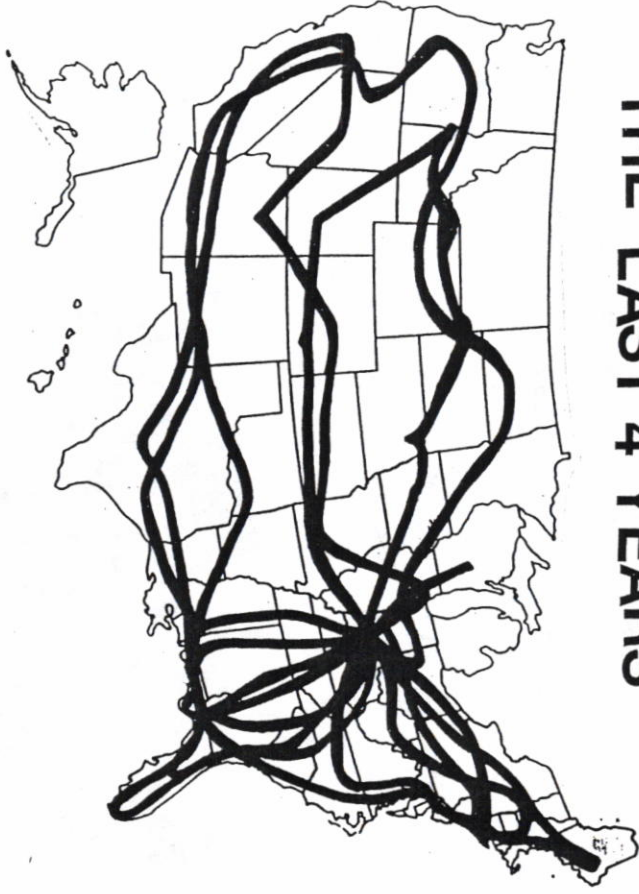
Attorney Paul Deneniel said Beal should receive six months or less in prison because it was Beal's first brush with the law.

## —YOU STILL CAN'T WIN, OR CAN YOU?

I always seem to romanticize things a lot and make them sound better than they actually were, like one of the first punk shows I went to. It was the Cramps, back when they were still good. It was a cheap show, the people were crazy dancers, punks everywhere, and tons of fucking fun.

Recently, I found the ticket stub for that show when I was going through all my old stuff. It was put on by Ticketmaster and it costed \$15.00. That's not cheap at all. A lot of the real memories came flooding back in my head: violent crowd, a few skidheads, countless boots to the back of the skull, and the Cramps were actually getting kinda bad then. Come to think of it, that ~~hit~~ hit and run show at the gas station with the Gay Planets, Puppy vs. Dyslexia, and the Meanagers the other day was a lot better and more fun. Fuck the old days. They sucked anyway.

## WHAT HAVE I DONE WITH THE LAST 4 YEARS



All Through Middle School and High School I had always said it was ~~my~~ goal to see every state before I turn twenty. That was before I had ever left my home town. I never knew exactly what I was talking about & I don't think I really ever thought it would happen. I read a few books about California and New York & it just seemed like the thing to say and twenty just seemed so far away. I always said yea I'm gonna start a band & play shows & tour. I'm just gonna make enough money to sleep & eat that night & enough gas money to get to the next show. Fuck yea it will be so sweet that was back when I thought Avail was a punk band. Uh-huh it's gotta be tough....



## LETTER #2 (to a few old friends)

HEY,  
I can't remember the day that I woke up and it all seemed fucked. Like all of us just forgot how to live with ourselves or each other. We also forgot how to drink by the train tracks or even leave the house anymore. We forgot how to hang out with the obnoxious ones rather than just locking ourselves in the closet again. If I show up on your porch now, you won't invite me in to play music and throw drumsticks at my head in mid-song. You'll give me a soda and ask if I want to watch some shitty movie, and we'll be in D.C., not Birmingham. At some point, the cops became your friend and they protect you... from me and my friends. I can't hitch out to the studio in Madison to record our band because you'll be at home with your kids. You probably wouldn't care now if I threw away your 50 piss bottles that were stacked up neatly on the shelf. Actually, I'm sure that they're in the landfill now and you've started using a toilet. I feel really bad now that I came really close to burning your house down, but you really didn't need that James Dean poster.

Sometimes I wish I could remember what it looked like when you used to smile and I sorta wish that I would've left you in Montana so I could've ruined your life instead of letting that girl do it. I guess we could hang out all night and watch the sun come up over that one train bridge in Decatur again, but this time, we'd probably

So by the time I turned 15 I had sorta learned about how fucked up money is. and how lame school is and that it's really mean to call people fags and that Avail was not a punk band at all. In fact they were destroying my life. It was their fault that I had never left town. it was going to there shows that made me feel like the shows I was playing at the community center were shit. it was them and their 45\$ sweat shirts that made me think I could never do any thing. and to this day it is them and the poorest mouse that make some of my closest friends too self conscious to just rock out with me and start shitty punk bands. so when I turned 16 I was sick and tired of sittin around saying MAN THIS SHIT SUCKS I DECIDED TO GO OUT & DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. I ENDED UP QUITTING SCHOOL AND LEAVING HOME. I WENT ON TOUR WITH SOME REALLY BAD BANDS I TRAVELED A FEW TIMES BY MY SELF. I PYLED RENT A COUPLE TIMES & JUST STUCK AROUND IN BLOOMINGTON & FINALLY JUST WITH IN THE LAST YEAR I ~~FOUND~~ FOUND MY TRUE PASSION AND THAT IS RIDING MY BIKE REALLY FAR. so a couple days ago I DECIDED TO DRAW OUT A MAP OF ALL THE TRIPS I'VE BEEN ON IN THE PAST 4 YEARS. 20 IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER AND BEEN TO 47 STATES I DON'T REALLY GIVE A SHIT ABOUT MY OLD GOAL ANY MORE I USE TO THINK THAT TRAVELING WAS JUST SOMETHING I HAD TO GET DONE WHILE I WAS YOUNG BUT NOW I KNOW THAT IT IS A MAJOR PART OF MY LIFE. yea I'll make it to those other states some time but for now I've got other goals. I'VE BEEN WORKIN AND PAYING RENT IN BLOOMINGTON ALL WINTER AND IM ABOUT TO GO APE SHIT I DECIDED THAT A MONTH FROM NOW I WILL LEAVE TOWN AGAIN. I HAVE QUITE A FEW TRIPS MYPIN PLANNED LOTS INVOLVING BIKES. I WANT TO GO HANG OUT IN IDAHO SOME AND WORK ON THE FARM AGAIN DURING THE SUMMER. WHO KNOWS



O hate each other in the morning.  
Instead of going to the airport at  
7 A.M., we'd go straight home and not  
talk to each other, again, for a whole  
year. It hurts me to see what you've  
turned into and I know you feel the  
same way about me. I wish I could  
say, "I'd love to see you again!", but  
it would be a lie.

Take care and eat  
glass,  
- Greg

## -RANDUMB QUOTES

"Punk's dead when my pants come off"-Ed  
"what other neighborhood can you live in  
where a guy named Big Dick Bastard  
tries to sell you your own bike?"

-Brontez

"I just wandered away and forgot  
everything, which is how I'd like to  
live my life!" -Paul Enema

"My turd had a big bump on it. It  
freaked me out and I threw it  
back in the toilet." -Quannah  
"You can never burn too many bridges  
and lose enough friends." -Cindy  
"It's a good place to drink coffee and  
feel weird about yourself." -Cole  
"The reason I laughed when I told you  
that morbid shit is because you just  
stepped in a big puddle of my pee"  
-Matte

MAIL ORDER

## HALF-DAY RECORDS



man this  
sucks

beg 7" \$2.00  
5 SONGS & STICKER

THIS BAND STARTED OUT AS A JUNE  
BUT ACCIDENTALLY LASTED OVER A YEAR  
THEY STILL PLAY TOO. THAT IS WHEN  
EVER THEY REMEMBER THAT THEY ARE  
A BAND. OH YEA THEY ARE A TOP  
BAND. THEY PLAN ON PLAYING OUT OF  
TOWN A LOT DURING THE SUMMER OF 2002  
SO IF YOU BOOK ALL AGES SHOWS GIVE  
THEM A CALL - 812-535-0780. THAT IS  
THE # FOR THE A-HOLE BLOOMINGTON, IN  
ASK FOR JIM

DUMPSIDE TAPE #3  
GIANT BAGS OF WEED

21 KINDA FAST, KINDA RUGGED, PUNK ROCK SONGS  
ABOUT BEING IN LOVE, TRAVELING AND BEING PISSED  
OFF SOME TIMES. THIS BAND USUALLY COMES TOGETHER  
IN BLOOMINGTON. BUT HALF OF THEM ARE FROM  
CHATTANOOGA. THIS TAPE IS 1.00\$

I AM USUALLY WORKING ON SOME SORT OF TAPE OR  
VIDEO OF A WEIRD RANDOM PERFECT. I'LL GET EXCITED  
ABOUT SOMETHING, DO IT AND FORGET ABOUT IT A MONTH  
LATER. SO IF YOU ARE INTO LAME SHIT YOU SHOULD  
WRITE ME AND I WILL TELL YOU WHAT I'M UP TO.  
RIGHT NOW I AM WORKING ON SOME VIDEO STUFF ABOUT  
BOATS AND ROCK AND ROLL. OH YEA WE MIGHT  
BE PUTTING OUT A SHOTWELL LP IF IT HAPPENS  
IT WILL BE 2 MONTHS FROM NOW AND COST \$5.00

maybe all the plans I have will fall apart  
maybe none of them will happen. But I guess  
that would mean something else will be happening  
& that's good enough for me. My little sister  
and I have been talking she thinks she will  
be ready to leave Greenwood two years from  
now & by that time I will be ready to slow down  
again and maybe wash some dishes for another year  
& Bloomington. We say we will maybe get a  
house together & I really hope that happens. A few  
weeks ago my friend Chris asked me if I remember  
back in middle school hangin out on roof tops  
smokin stolen cigarets until 4:00 A.M. talkin about  
lame shit & watching the stars... I thought  
to myself of course I fucking remember that's  
what I do & that is what I'm gonna do for  
the rest of my life. But all I said was  
"yeh man that was fuckin cool"



# A FEW MORE FAILED ATTEMPTS

There were stories I started on, but didn't work out for some reason. Either it got boring or all the details weren't needed. Either way, I sorta like what got left over. Enjoy...

I guess what I'm really trying to say is, there's a whole lot of fucking going on at most American truckstops.

I mean, I never want to be in my sleeping bag on top of a van somewhere in Kentucky in the rain while state troopers are snooping around below and repeatedly saying to myself, "will someone please just shoot me" in the head right now.. It's that bad sometimes, but I realize that it could be much much worse.

America has been dropping food rations on Afghanistan, but the packages are the same color as the landmines. So, what happens when someone tries to pick up a landmine, mistaking it for food? And what happens when you drop a box of food from a plane and it goes through someone's roof? These are the questions they never answer.

Growing older, most of the "crusties" that I met grew up, cleaned up, became parents, or died slowly, day by day. The newer ones that took their place over the last few years all seemed to be dirty kids that listened to top 40 radio. I'm not always sure how I feel about them, but, hell, I'll get drunk with them.

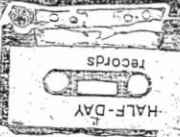
LAST MINUTE NOTE: DON'T FORGET TO SHOTGUN A BEER WITHIN 24 HOURS OF REGAN'S DEATH - FOR PUNK SOLIDARITY.

LAST MIN. L.A. MOUT

IF YOU CAN'T WAIT THAT LONG FOR THE SHOT WELL L.P. YOU SHOULD LOOK UP SPAM RECORDS THEY ARE DOING THE C.D. AND IT IS REALLY GOOD

I THINK I MIGHT MAKE A NICE CHUNK OF CASH WORKING ON A FARM THIS SUMMER & IM GONNA BLOW IT ALL ON PUTTING OUT RECORDS FOR MY FRIENDS BANDS SO KEEP YOUR EARS PEARED FOR THE HALF-DAY RECORDS ALSO I THINK I MIGHT GET THE HANG OF THIS ZINE CRAP TOO SO MAN THIS SUCKS #2 WILL BE OUT BY SUMMER OF 2002 IT IS ABOUT SQUATING IN CHATTANOOGA, TN ROCKIN OUT A BIT AND RIDING MY BIKE BACK HOME TO BLOOMINGTON, IN THATS ALL FOR NOW

HALF-DAY RECORDS @ YAHOO.COM  
P.O. BOX 3381  
BLOOMINGTON, IN 47402  
CHECKS ARE FOR LAME DUCKS SEND CASH OR TONS OF STAMPS TO



CALLING ALL PUNK

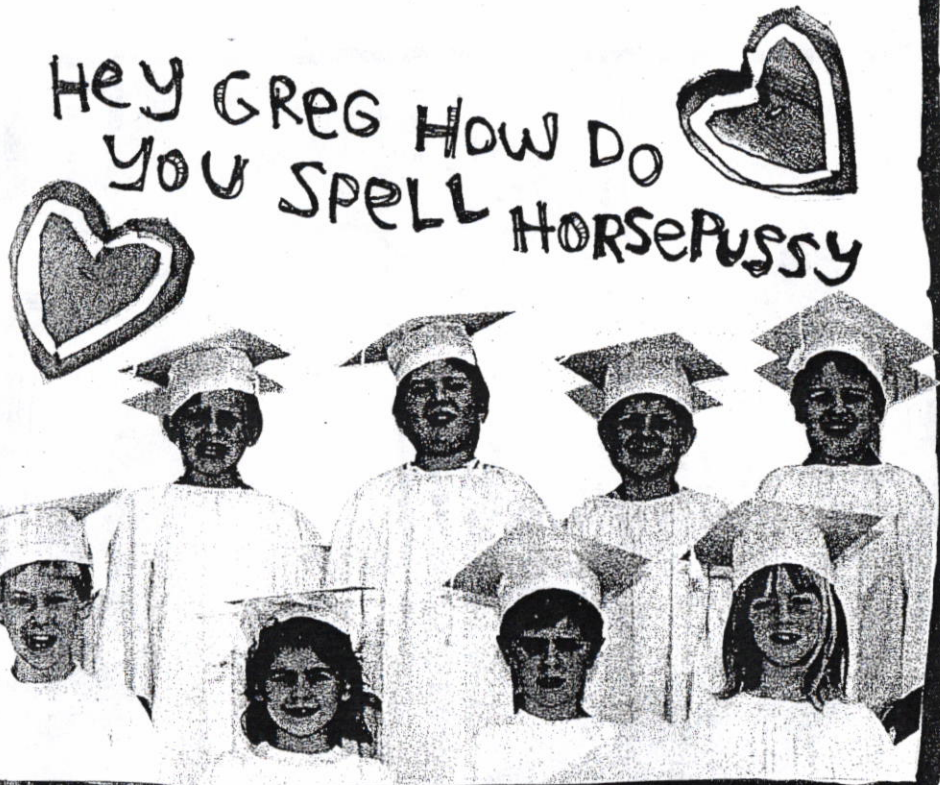


THE NEXT PROJECT I AM WORKING ON IS A PRETTY LONG TERM THING. I AM TRYING TO MAKE A VIDEO DOCUMENTARY ABOUT PUNK ROCK THESE DAYS. I STARTED OUT JUST ELIMINATING MY FRIENDS DOING ALL KINDS OF ROCKIN SHIT THEN I STARTED TO THINK ABOUT ALL THE AMAZING THINGS KIDS ARE DOING THESE DAYS. THE PUNK ROCK BOAT YARD IN CHATTANOOGA, THE BEACH SHOWS IN P-OLA, ALL THE GENERATOR SHOWS OUT IN S.F. THERE IS SO MUCH GOING ON AND IM SO I DECIDED THAT IM GONNA BRING A VIDEO CAMERA AROUND THE COUNTRY WITH ME EVERYWHERE I GO FOR THE NEXT TWO YEARS AND TRY TO PUT SOMETHING TOGETHER THAT MIGHT DO US ALL SOME JUSTICE... IF YOU ARE DOING ANYTHING COOL IN YOUR TOWN YOU SHOULD TELL ME & ILL STOP BY EVEN IF YOU THINK YOUR TOWN SUCKS I WOULD LOVE TO JUST COME & HAND OUT ME - halfdayrecords@yahoo.com





HEY GREG HOW DO  
YOU SPELL HORSEPUSSY



RICE HARVESTER  
P.O. Box 1581, CHATTANOOGA, TN.  
37401

